

A TEMPERANCE WORKER.

Says Peruna is a Valuable Nerve and Blood Remedy.



MISS BESSIE FARRELL.

MISS BESSIE FARRELL, 1011 Third Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y., is President of the Young People's Christian Temperance Association. She writes:

"Peruna is certainly a valuable nerve and blood remedy, calculated to build up the broken-down health of worn-out women. I have found by personal experience that it acts as a wonderful restorer of lost strength, assisting the stomach to assimilate and digest the food, and building up worn-out tissues. In my work I have had occasion to recommend it freely, especially to women."

"I know of nothing which is better to build up the strength of a young mother. In fact, all the ailments peculiar to women, so I am pleased to give it my hearty endorsement."

Dr. Hartman has prescribed Peruna for many thousand women, and he never fails to receive a multitude of letters like the above, thanking him for the wonderful benefits received.

Man-a-lin the Ideal Laxative.

LOST TEMPER WAS COSTLY.

Poet Banker Threw Away and Bought Back His Own Property.

Edmund Clarence Stedman, the poet banker, had a high temper and was exceedingly sensitive. One day, exasperated by the crass stupidity of a servant, he threw a book at his head. The boy ducked and the book sailed over the window. After it hurtled the poet, he was too late; a passerby had picked it up and walked off with it. Stedman began to wonder what book he had thrown away, and to his horror discovered that it was a quaint and rare little volume for which he had paid \$50. His chagrin was intense, as the work was almost unique and the prospects of replacing it were remote.

Some time afterward, when browsing in a second-hand book shop, our splenetic poet banker perceived to his great delight a copy of the very book he had lost. He asked the price. "It's very rare," replied the dealer, "but as you are an old customer I'll let you have it for \$40; nobody else could have it for less than \$60." Stedman gladly paid the \$40, got home with his treasure as soon as possible, and sat down to glaze over it. A card dropped out of the leaves. It was his own. Further examination showed that he had bought back his property. It cured him of casting books at servants' heads.—New York Press.

REDUCED COLONIST RATES.

One-way tickets at special low rates on sale daily throughout March and April, from all points on The North Western Line to San Francisco, Los Angeles, Portland and Puget Sound points.

Daily and Personally conducted tours in tourist sleeping cars via the Chicago, Union Pacific and North Western Line. Double berth only \$7.00 through from Chicago. For full particulars write S. A. Hutchinson, Manager, Tourist Dept., 212 Clark St., Chicago, Ill., or address nearest ticket agent.

Give Them Titles?

By granting titles of nobility to American men we might stop the flow of good American money into the coffers of titled foreigners who marry American girls, but the remedy would be worse than the disease.

Truth and Quality

appeal to the Well-Informed in every walk of life and are essential to permanent success and creditable standing. Accordingly, it is not claimed that Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna is the only remedy of known value, but one of many reasons why it is the best of personal and family laxatives is the fact that it cleanses, sweetens and relieves the internal organs on which it acts without any debilitating after effects and without having to increase the quantity from time to time.

It acts pleasantly and naturally and truly as a laxative, and its component parts are known to and approved by physicians, as it is free from all objectionable substances. To get its beneficial effects always purchase the genuine—manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co., only, and for sale by all leading druggists.

The Engagements of Jean

By Zelia M. Walters

(Copyright, by Daily Story Pub. Co.)

Jean was listening to her first proposal. Was there some magic in a first proposal that impelled you to say yes when you didn't want the man at all? She closed her lips firmly to keep the yes from escaping, but that only increased a hysterical desire to hasten its utterance. Why did he say such eloquent and convincing things about life-long devotion and service and awakening a slumbering heart? She knew he was the sort of man that would let his wife pick up her own handkerchief except when there was company. Besides, she thought indignantly, her heart didn't need awakening.

"Please do not say any more, Mr. Woodward," she interrupted him. "It is quite impossible. There—there is some one else."

"But if you are not bound to him—" entreated the suitor.

"I am," said Jean instantly. She felt that it was the only loophole of escape. If it were closed that wretched hovering eye might be uttered against her will.

Mr. Woodward arose and bowed. "Of course, then there is nothing more to say. I knew Innis had been with you a great deal, but I didn't know you were engaged. I am sorry I have troubled you. Forget me," he said in melodramatic tones.

Jean felt as though she was congealing, but she could not collect herself sufficiently to speak, and the rejected one stalked grandly away.

But the elation of a girl with her first proposal was not for Jean. She walked up and down the deserted piazza looking at the world with tragic eyes.

"Oh! how terrible! I've let him think I'm engaged to Mr. Innis, and there isn't the remotest chance that I ever will be. Suppose he should hear of it. Oh! I dare say he will. I know some punishment will come upon me for such an enormous lie as that."

The one consolation lay in the fact that Ted Woodward was going home the next day. And perhaps no complications would arise in that time.

The next day when Jean was sitting in the window-seat reading Mr. Innis and the beautiful Miss Mariner came through the hall.

"No," she was saying as she came within Jean's hearing, "I'll not go sailing with you. Indeed, Mr. Innis, if I may speak frankly, I do not think an engaged man ought to pay so much attention to others."

Jean had a horrible moment as she looked at his astonished face.

"But my fiancée is such a reasonable girl, you know," Mr. Innis was saying with an amused air as they passed down the steps.

"I know," said Jean to herself, "that he was going to ask her to marry him."



He's Going to Speak of It Himself.

Perhaps he was going to ask her this very morning, and now she has heard that wretched story, and his life's happiness is gone forever. What a miserable cad that Ted Woodward is to have told that!

That afternoon Jean went for a drive with Gertrude Allen thinking to drown her haunting misery in a delightful girlish confab.

"Do you know," said Gertrude as they turned into the shady elm road, "I heard the most interesting thing about that handsome Mr. Innis. His aunt, the rich one that he brought here, you know, has disinherited him. And it's just because he isn't to marry Miss Mariner. They say he is engaged to somebody, but the person that told me did not know to whom. Some quite insignificant girl though. Isn't it romantic?"

Jean leaned back while Gertrude chattered on.

"Why Jean!" she exclaimed when at length she looked at her friend, "Are you ill?"

"Yes," said Jean, "dreadfully. I think I'll have to go back. I'm sorry to spoil your drive, Gertrude."

For three days she steadily refused all Mr. Innis' invitations. They came now with sinister frequency.

In the middle of the week Mrs. Ellser whispered another important bit of news.

"I am so sorry for young Mr. Innis. It seems that he has made some foolish entanglement that is ruining his prospects. His aunt is furious because the match with Miss Mariner is off. And now Mr. Ames, who had offered him a splendid place in his office with draws his offer because he thinks that a young man starting out in a business career ought not to marry. It seems that the wretched fellow is going to marry the girl at once. I don't know who she is. His aunt thinks it is some nobody that they will have to be ashamed of."

Jean was becoming hardened to misery, and this story did not cause an attack of faintness as Gertrude's had done. "But I must tell him," said Jean to herself, despairingly. "I can't let him go on losing everything. There isn't much left but life. He's lost love and happiness and fortune and career."

When Mr. Innis asked her to walk along the shore in the moonlight she assented, and started out with the cheerful feelings of one marching to execution.

"Miss Jean," said the man at length, "I've been wanting to speak to you for a week, but you have persistently avoided me."

He was going to speak of it himself, thought Jean in an agony of shame.

He walked on for a moment in silence. No doubt it was hard to begin. At length, he said abruptly, "I wanted to ask you to marry me."

"Oh! how dare you! How dare you!" cried Jean furiously. "How dare you ask me after what has happened?"

"Oh! you mean those stories about my engagement. That needn't trouble you, it isn't true."

"Don't you think I know it isn't true when it is you and I that they spoke of?"

"I hoped that you hadn't heard the name of my supposed fiancée. Not many people seemed to know, though I had not heard it myself. I can't imagine how the story started. I think it must have been a case of thought transference. You see, I'd been thinking of that particular thing a great deal, and some of those amiable old ladies who sit on the hotel veranda have no thoughts of their own, so they gathered up mine which were floating about loose."

"It was I that started the story," said Jean in a hollow voice. "No, don't speak. Let me tell you about it. A man asked me to marry him, and he said such persuasive things, and wouldn't go away, and I was afraid I'd say yes though I didn't want to. So I told him there was some one else, and he thought I meant you, and I let him go away without telling him the truth. Oh! it was a disgraceful lie! I don't expect you to forgive me ever. I ought to have told you at once, but I couldn't. I was going to tell you tonight, though, and that's why I came. I'm so sorry. I only hope mother will take me home to-morrow, and you never need hear of me again."

"I don't see anything in all this that should distress you," he said. He was smiling a tender amused smile at the childish confession, though she did not look up to see it. "I wish I dared hope that your suggestion to Ted—I mean to the man you spoke of—had a willing spirit behind it. Since we've both thought of it can't you make it true, dear Jean?"

"Don't speak of it again," she said in her coldest manner. "It's just your exaggerated idea of honor that makes you think you ought to protect me. Don't deny it. You can't possibly care for me when I've ruined your life. Yes, it is ruined. You've lost the girl you love, and your fortune and your career just because of me."

I hope I'm not going to lose the girl I love," he said gravely.

"I mean the one your aunt was angry about," she said falteringly.

"Oh!" he said, "my aunt and I never agreed about that. You see I met you the first day we came here. And if you're troubled about Aunt Caroline's disinheriting me, pray do not give it another thought. She does that every three months. When I introduce you as that mysterious girl I shall be restored to favor. It's the truth because she has already expressed her admiration of you. But of course, I couldn't seize that golden moment to tell her that you were the girl, for I wasn't sure of it. And that fussy old Ames did say he didn't want me, but I was rather fishing for a dismissal there. I had had a much better offer a few days before. I threw the news of the engagement credited to me in his way. Now is there anything else, Jean? Don't you think you have been over conscientious? A man wouldn't spend a moment considering those things when it was a question of winning you."

"Oh!" breathed Jean, afraid to accept such unlooked for bliss as a solution from her haunting horror of the past week, "are you quite sure that you really cared for me all the time?"

"Cared for you?" he said in scorn for such an inadequate expression. And then he proceeded to explain how much he cared.

"Well," said Jean after a while, and she dimpled charmingly, "I believe I will be engaged again."

HER GOOD FORTUNE.

After Years Spent in Vain Effort.

Mrs. Mary E. H. Rouse, of Cambridge, N. Y., says: "Five years ago I had a bad fall and it affected my kidneys. Severe pains in my back and hips became constant, and sharp twinges followed any exertion. The kidney secretions were badly discolored. I lost flesh and grew too weak to work. Though constantly using medicine I despaired of being cured until I began taking Doan's Kidney Pills. Then relief came quickly, and in a short time I was completely cured. I am now in excellent health."

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HIS LECTURE ON JOB.

Brother Dickey Thinks He Was Over-rated as Patient Man.

"I dunno what dey call Job a patient man fer," said Brother Dickey, "kaze of all de growlers I ever hearn tell on he sho' wuz de growlinest. But he sho' did have enough ter make him growl—dat he did. De devil say: 'Looky yere, Job, you in my power, now, an' I gwine ter flict you wid a few billes.' An' Job say: 'All right; I kin stan' it ef you kin.' But de billes commence ter break out so thick an' fas' dat Job say: 'Looky yere, man, dese ain't no billes—dis de smallpox, sho' ez you bo'n.' An' he eetch and eetch so dat he had ter scratch his self wid a goat's head. Den de devil git in a high win' and blow down Job's house; an' dat wuz too much. So ol' Job lif' up his voice an' he say: 'Looky yere, I bargain fer billes, but I didn't want no hurricane th'owed in fer good measure.'—Atlanta Constitution.

CURED HER CHILDREN.

Girls Suffered with Itching Eczema—Baby Had a Tender Skin, Too—Relied on Cuticura Remedies.

"Some years ago my three little girls had a very bad form of eczema. Itching eruptions formed on the backs of their heads which were simply covered. I tried almost everything, but failed. Then my mother recommended the Cuticura Remedies. I washed my children's heads with Cuticura Soap and then applied the wonderful ointment, Cuticura. I did this four or five times and I can say that they have been entirely cured. I have another baby who is so plump that the folds of skin on his neck were broken and even bled. I used Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment and the next morning the trouble had disappeared. Mme. Napoleon Dupeppe, 41 Duluth St., Montreal, Que., May 21, 1907."

SPITE.



Proud Mother—Everybody says the baby looks like me.

Her Brother—The spiteful things don't say that to your face, do they?

Cause for Alarm.

A young man had been courting a girl for nine years. "Jennie," he said, one evening, "I read the other day that in 50,000 years Niagara falls would dry up."

Jennie clutched his arm excitedly. "Why, what's the matter?" he asked.

"Why, you promised to take me there on our bridal trip. Don't you think you had better be a little careful that it does not dry up before we get there?"

Prosaic Pa.

"Katherine," called the old gentleman from the top of the stairway, "are you still telling that young man 'good night' in the vestibule?"

"Yes, pa," called the fond daughter.

"Well, don't you know you are wasting the light?"

"Oh, what's the difference. It is 'love that makes the world go round.'"

"Yes, and it also makes the gas meter go round."

Where it Belongs.

"Excuse me," said the playwright to his friend who was blessing the piece, "do you think it is good form to hiss my show when I gave you the ticket that admitted you?"

"Certainly," resentfully replied the friend. "If I'd bought a ticket I would have contented myself by going outside and swearing at myself."—Success Magazine.

All Beach.

Wilfred was sitting upon his father's knee watching his mother arranging her hair.

"Papa hasn't any Marcel waves like that," said the father laughingly.

Wilfred, looking up at his father's bald pate, replied, "Nope; no waves; it's all beach."—Harper's Weekly.

Sudden Changes of the Weather often cause Bronchial and Lung troubles. "Brown's Bronchial Troches" allay throat irritation and coughs.

Why do people who pick quarrels always select such ugly ones?

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Most remarkable grass of the century. Good for three rousing crops annually. One Iowa farmer on 100 acres sold \$3,800.00 worth of seed and had 200 tons of hay besides. It is immense. Do try it.

For 10c AND THIS NOTICE send to the John A. Salzer Seed Co., La Crosse, Wis., to pay postage, etc., and they will mail you the only original seed catalog published in America with samples of Billion Dollar Grass, Macaroti Wheat, the sly miller mixer, Sainfoin, the dry soil luxuriator, Victoria Rape, the 20c a ton green food producer, Silver King Barley yielding 173 bu. per acre, etc., etc.

And if you send 14c we will add a package of new farm seed never before seen by you. John A. Salzer Seed Co., La Crosse, Wis. K. & W.

Comments.
"Gertie—He tried to kiss me!
Mollie—How impudent!
Gertie—But he was interrupted!
Mollie—How annoying!"

Important to Mothers.
Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the Signature of *Dr. J. C. Hathorn* in Use For Over 30 Years.

The Kind You Have Always Bought.

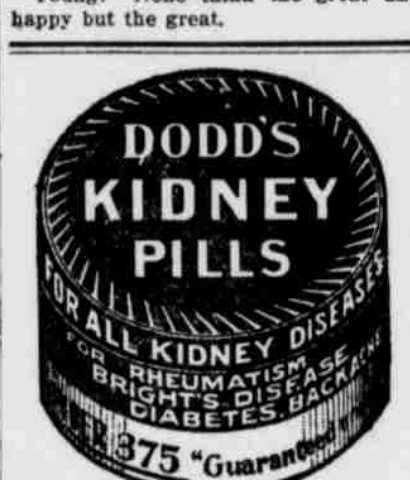
No man realizes how silly it is possible for him to be until his love letters are read in a breach-of-promise suit.

ONLY ONE "BROMO QUININE"
That is LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE. Look for the signature of H. W. GROVE. Used the World over to Cure Cold in One Day. 2c.

It is possible to smile and smile and be a hypocrite still.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup.
For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 2c a bottle.

Young: None think the great unhappy but the great.

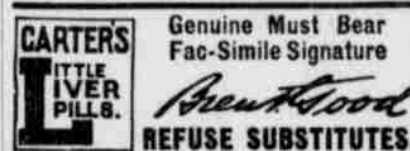


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Positively cured by these Little Pills. They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Bowel Complaints. A perfect remedy for Biliousness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable.

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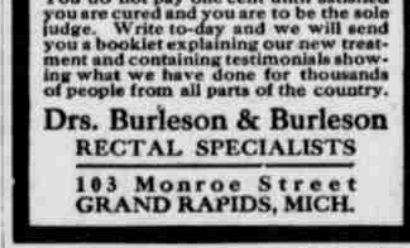


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I am Reynolds, the roofing man. I have been in the roofing business for 40 years and they call me the "Pioneer." I have been in no other business.

I know the roofing business; have made a scientific, practical study of it. I am at the head of my company, of which I am proud. I have also made a success of my business. The result has been our two brands—Torpedo and Wolverine. They are the very best brands of roofing on the market today at any price.

They will last longer, are cheaper in points and sharp edges and they stick into this asphalt for evermore. You can easily understand why they will stick a great deal better than the round, smooth little pebbles, which are sometimes used.

The granite is to protect the roof from sun, wind and rain, and our granite does protect the roof. Do not buy a roof that will need painting. It means there is a weakness somewhere. You don't have to paint a Reynolds' roof.

I have so much to tell you about our roofing that I cannot begin to do it here, but I want you to write and let me tell you just why our roofing is what you want and why you cannot afford to buy any other.

I have a liberal proposition to make to you, and no matter how much you may know about some other roofing you should get my proposition. It means a saving. WRITE ME TODAY.

This roofing is put up in rolls, all ready to lay and securely packed inside of the roll are the trimmings consisting of galvanized iron nails and cement in a can, with directions how to lay the roll.

Give me all the information you can about the size of your roof, and I will tell you something that will make you sit up and take notice.

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W. N. U., DETROIT, NO. 10, 1908.

"Talk it over with Dobbin"

I AM located in Texas gathering and sending out information about this wonderful state. The Santa Fe pays me a salary for doing this and incidentally for answering the questions asked by people who want to know. The information I give you may be depended on. The conclusions have been reached after careful consideration of all the facts and I assure you they are very conservative.

Texas offers every advantage to the man who is looking for an opportunity to make a place for himself in the world. I have no land for sale, neither has the Company, but what we want is people of brains and energy to settle along the line. The resulting traffic will pay the Company—I get my salary regularly every month.

I believe that Texas has more points of interest to the man who is looking out for the main chance than any other portion of the rapidly developing West. I believe that the Gulf Coast Country is destined to rival Southern California as a wealth producer. I believe that I can show you why this is so.

I want to interest you in Texas—I want you to own some Texas land—I want you to come to Texas to live. Won't you send me your name and address and receive in return the new book-folder, "Gulf Coastings,"